VOLUME LV CHICAGO, APRIL 13, 1905. NUMBER 7

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

THE POET.

The years straying toward infidelity he withholds by his steady faith,
He is no arguer, he is judgment, (Nature accepts him absolutely,)
He judges not as the judge judges but as the sun falling round a helpless thing,
As he sees the farthest he has the most faith,
His thoughts are the hymns of the praise of things,
In the dispute on God and eternity he is silent,
He sees eternity less like a play with a prologue and denouement,
He sees eternity in men and women, he does not see men and women as dreams or dots.

For the great Idea, the idea of perfect and free individuals,
For that, the bard walks in advance, leader of leaders,
The attitude of him cheers up slaves and horrifies foreign despots.

Without extinction is Liberty, without retrograde is Equality,
They live in the feelings of young men and the best women,
(Not for nothing have the indomitable heads of the earth been always ready to fall for Liberty.)

For the great Idea,
That, O my brethren, that is the mission of poets.

Walt Whitman in By Blue Ontario's Shore.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1905. NUMBER 7

"What are you going to do, my brother-men, for this higher side of human life? What contribution are you going to make of your strength, your time, your influence, your money, your self, to make a cleaner, fuller, happier, larger, nobler life possible for some of your fellow men?"

—HENRY VAN DYKE...

That is a clarifying sentence that is given by Professor Harnack in his last book on the Credulity of the Gospel History, when he says, "The gospels are not bibliographical productions but are books of evangelization and edification, the purpose being to awaken or strengthen faith, not to depict the life of Christ as such." Let those who are still embarrassed over the perplexities of the gospel narratives, their omissions, contradictions and inharmonies ponder on this sentence and many things now obscure will grow clear.

Our energetic associate, E. P. Powell, is not content with turning out a new book every once in a while, successfully running a small fruit farm, being a regular contributor to the *Independent,* making the pages of UNITY bristle with his literary notes and reviews, but he has recently been annexed to the staff of the new magazine called *The Country Calendar.* And still Mr. Powell has time to be actively interested in the coming Congress of Religion in Chicago, at which he hopes to be present and read a paper on Social Reorganization.

The literature of undogmatic religion is to be notably enriched this spring by at least four, or if we include our friend Simmons's "Tables of Stone," but just fairly on the market, five books—books that the preacher, the student of ethics, the intelligent parent and the college student who is anxious to enrich his mind cannot afford to do without. "Tides of the Spirit," a volume of selections from the religious and devotional writings of James Martineau, by Albert Lazenby; "James Martineau and His Greatest Book," by Rev. J. T. and Mrs. Sunderland; "Anchors of the Soul," a volume of sermons by the late lamented Brook Herford, beloved on both sides of the Atlantic, with a biographical sketch by Philip Wicksteed; "God and His Word," by the gifted Samuel R. Calthrop, of Syracuse, a series of sermons on evolution. Yes, let us make it six, for "The Later Poems of John Chadwick" is just at hand, which may well be regarded as a volume of metrical sermons, the gospel of freedom and love set to music. We will not at this time undertake to notice any of these books. We trust that each in due time will receive worthy recognition in these columns. Suffice it at present to call editorial attention to them as books which are quite independent of reviewers. It is safe to commend them without seeing them.

All the friends of Robert Collyer, indeed all those interested in the history of Chicago and the unfoldment of liberal thought in the west, will keenly regret to learn that he threatens to bring "Some Memories," which have been running irregularly in the Christian Register for a year or more, to a close. Some thirty articles in all have been written. The last brings the story of the great-hearted preacher down until after the fire and the dedication of the rebuilded Unity Church. In these later issues he tells the story of making the horseshoe that he sold to Cornell University for a thousand dollars; of the marriage feast of his first born, while the streets of Chicago were still hot; of his own contribution of bologna sausage to the feast, a part of which was paid for by a kindly deed done to the shopkeeper long before—a deed forgotten by the doer but remembered by the recipient. Dear Robert Collyer, go on and give us some more. Let the next generation look through your eyes at some more of the men and women you have seen. Let them look at Theodore Parker, Samuel J. May, Dr. Bellows, Longfellow, Lowell, Mrs. Livermore, Abraham Lincoln and the giants that lived in those days through your eyes. Do not go hence, venerable brother, without leaving as much of this lore of the heart behind you as possible.

It is two years ago this very week that the worn out body of Ellen T. Leonard was laid to rest, but the spirit abides to chasten and inspire all those who persist in the work she so wisely inaugurated, UNITY and its Home Department, All Souls Church and its Annual for the twenty-second time going through the press, the Abraham Lincoln Centre, for which she worked so cheerfully, although she used to say with prophetic significance, "I can never think of myself as working in the building, though I cannot think of the building as not coming." It was recently the privilege of the senior editor of UNITY, so much of whose work in all these directions was her work, to look through a package of manuscripts which the careful hand had laid aside; manuscripts that revealed so much of her inner life and the methods of her spirit. Among these manuscripts was a sermon prepared for and delivered in All Souls Church. This discourse is well remembered by all those who heard it, and the present writer remembers that it suggested not only to the listeners but to the writer the possibilities that were never developed, capacities which circumstances never called into full exercise. We print the sermon in this week's issue not only on account of its searching vitality but in grateful remembrance and tender acknowledgment of the high service and the beautiful fellowship she gave to us; what combination of strength and tenderness, of dauntless courage and shrinking timidity, of faith and reason, trust and reliance. Again after two years of missing her we repeat the words that we said by the coffin, "Faithfulness, thy name is Ellen Leonard!"

One of the most unique and apparently spontaneous results of the pervasive desire to get together is the Cosmopolitan Club of Cornell University. Its one hundred members represent twenty-three nations. Of its officers and trustees one is the son of the Peruvian minister at Washington, another the son of the President of one of the states of Brazil, two are grandsons of a great Argentine statesman, a former President of the Republic. The present head of the club is a New Zealander, and the first vice-president is Kuei Ling Wu, of the class of 1895. The object of the club is reported to be the bringing together of the student bodies of many nations to give students of one nationality an opportunity to see things from another nation's point of view and to help protect students of all countries. The club hopes ultimately to be one of many that will constitute an association of the cosmopolitan clubs of the world. Of the many federations, religious and social, this seems to be the most daring. Let not these cosmopolitans be laughed out of a most serious purpose; let them be true to their prophetic vision. There is need of a step forward in this work of federation. Most of the federations, religious and political, this far have assumed that the federation is incidental and not fundamental as related to the sectarian, partisan and class organizations now existing in the realms of religion, politics and social life. The harmonies are more fundamental, brethren, than the differences and there must be soon or late a reorganization on religious, political and social lines, based on the fundamental harmonies, not the superficial differences, the traditional antagonisms.

The outcome of the municipal election in Chicago this month carried with it no surprises to the independent voter who kept himself cool in the heated atmosphere, who kept himself outside the excitement of the band wagon, spell-binding, bill-posting methods of the campaign. That the majority of the people of Chicago had made up their minds to try municipal ownership and that in as direct and immediate a way as possible was evident to every academic mind. Under such circumstances it was inevitable that Judge Dunne, who had a definite policy, at least in regard to this one point at issue, and who advocated it with consistent sincerity and ability, should be elected with a striking majority. It is to be regretted that the clamorous politicians refused to allow the successful candidate to retain his judicial dignity and silence throughout the campaign. The cause could safely have trusted its candidate on the merits of the general issue. It is very much to be regretted that the candidate yielded to the same party clamor and said in the heated atmosphere of the platform words of commendation of unworthy candidates. The true friends of Judge Dunne will not readily forget, even though they may forgive, his endorsement of Michael Kenna, the perverse saloonkeeper who still bides in the city council to the humiliation of the city, and it is greatly to be feared that now that he is elected the same pressure may influence the Mayor to make appointments and to overlook corrupting and corrupt deeds that are foreign to the man. The eyes not only of the nation but of the world are upon Judge Dunne, and if he can preserve his independency, forget his democratic affiliations and his republican enemies, make up his mind now that he does not care enough for a re-election to sacrifice his independency and his potency for it, if he will only be as fearless in giving to the city a scientific police system and school system as he is in establishing scientific handling of public utilities, he will indeed justify the expectations of his friends and write his name deep into the history of the city and into the better life of the community. All eyes are now fixed on Judge Dunne. May all hearts pray for him in that devout manner that will surely bring an answer by giving him unqualified support in all his high endeavors and uncompromising rebuke whenever the partisan assumes command. His record on the bench in Chicago is a high one. May his record in the mayor's chair not shame his judicial achievements. We congratulate Judge Dunne on his triumph and look forward with keenest sympathy and high hopes to his administration.

The *Literary Digest* naively prints under the head of "Personals" the following story picked up from the *Philadelphia Record.* The story appears with the simple side head of "Quay Was Interested," leaving the reader to guess whether the story is printed as a compliment to the dead Senator on account of his devotion to his friends, a compliment to President McKinley on account of his eager desire to please his friends, or as a quiet revelation of the deep damnation that lies just below the surface of our political complacency, that lurks at the heart of our national as well as lower administrations, the dry rot in public affairs. This story, which has all the evidence of truthfulness, reveals a state of mental torpitude that inevitably will rightly minimize the glory of McKinley. His fame is written in water. Affable, successful, delightful, President McKinley was, but a man that would allow a Pennsylvania Senator to dictate a Mississippi appointment on the score that the sixty-four votes of Pennsylvania were worth more than the eighteen votes of Mississippi at "the next Republican convention" is a man who must not be unqualifiedly praised in the history books given to the children of the public schools. That any Senator in Mississippi, even, much less elsewhere, should presume to dictate the appointment of a postmistress of a small town for factional reasons is an indignity to the President, a shame to the Government and a reflection upon the intelligence if not the integrity of the voters, who persistently accept the dictation of such men and by their suffrage continue them in power. It is well that this sad story should be widely published, not for the commendation but for the condemnation of all parties concerned. Here is the story:

The late Senator Quay never forgot a kindness. The Philadelphia Record relates the story of how he went up to the White House, one morning during President McKinley's first term, and asked that a woman be appointed postmistress of a small town in Mississippi.

"Ask me for anything in Pennsylvania," said the Presi-

dent, "and it is yours. This place is promised, and the circumstances are peculiar. The two factions of the party in Mississippi have agreed on the person who is to have it. As it is the first point on which they have come together, I can not set aside their wishes."

"Before the war," said Quay, "when I was a young man, I taught school for three years in Mississippi. I made my home with the parents of this woman, and they treated me as a member of the family. They have been unfortunate, and the daughter needs this place. I hope, Mr. President, that your answer is not final."

The President shook his head.

"I regret it very much," he said, "but under the circumstances no other answer is possible."

"Very well," said Quay, quietly, as he turned to go. "I hope when the next Republican convention is held, Mr. President, that the eighteen votes from Mississippi will compensate you for the sixty-four from Pennsylvania."

"Have you got it so much at heart as all that, Senator?" asked the President.

"I have," replied Quay. "I have tried to show you how much I have it at heart."

The President reflected, and the family who had been kind to the senior Senator from Pennsylvania when he was a poor school teacher got the postoffice.

Religious Teaching.

The removal of the Bible from public schools in many of the States has proved to be not mandatory, but optional. In a few cases the book is reappearing in our schools, not so much as a volume to be studied as one to be read, and possibly commented upon by teachers. That there should be objections to this reaction—not only on the part of Catholics, but of many Protestants—is not surprising. Commissioner W. T. Harris says that in his judgment religious instruction has no place in schools. He thinks that when we come to teaching a live religion in the schools it must take a denominational form; and moreover it must take the form of authority. The habit of thinking cultivated in secular instruction is out of place in discussing themes of religious faith. "Even the attitude of mind cultivated in secular instruction is unfitted for the approach of religious truth. Religious instruction should be surrounded with solemnity." We are inclined to agree more closely with Agassiz, who, at Penikese Island, insisted that those who studied marine forms, in their fishnets, should be as reverent as those who studied the Bible. He would allow of no hilarity and frivolity of spirit. He said, "You insist that I shall be reverent when we study the Word of God; I say that you shall be reverent when you study the Work of God." All sincere study on this understanding becomes associated with aspiration, and may be called religious. With such a spirit entering our public schools the end of education must be purposing for good—ending in good citizenship. Such an education may not include the teaching of religious dogma, and in this sense Commissioner Harris is correct that the public school has no place for conflicting creeds.

The Religious Educational Association promised us the rapid completion of a system for general religious culture, of a higher order than heretofore developed. The Senate would welcome to membership every one interested in the subject of religious education and a religious life. It announced the conviction that a higher moral education is demanded to establish a national life of the highest character. Its hope was to arouse all good American citizens to a thoroughly co-operative effort, which should correlate moral and religious education with intellectual education. The program as announced included the placing of religion upon a rational basis in the development of the individual and of society; it would also determine the value of the historic study of the Bible, and indicate its proper place in ethical culture. The schedule proposed to demonstrate the necessity of adapting religious instruction to various stages of physical and mental development and to promote the adoption of methods of teaching that would evolve moral life. We suppose the Association to be busy with the completion of its plans and that we shall hear from it in something very definite and comprehensive.

Meanwhile are we confined in our choice to the two plans suggested? Is it impossible for the church to reorganize itself or adjust itself to do a work adequate to the demands of the age and of a thoroughly approved religious culture? Or will the Religious Educational Association undertake this very work of shaping church teaching? We shall wait the working out of the program with some impatience. One of the sorest features of our age is the instability of religious teaching. Our pastorates are little more than experimental —averaging about three years—and utterly inadequate to the work proposed. Here and there a strong man grapples with the situation and impresses himself upon the people. While his system will probably not outlive himself, he may be influential in moulding magnificently the character of a large congregation of people. Such work, however, is sporadic. What we need is a system of religious training under which the churches shall work surely and permanently to the development of religious life and moral character—a system that shall grapple with the age—not to teach creeds but to develop manhood. E. P. POWELL.

Practical Sociology on the Prairie.

"Hitch your bridle line to the tug of the nigh horse and jump in and ride a ways and rest yourself."

This was the hospitable and welcome invitation of the man on the hay rack that "ye editor" overtook on his twelve-mile ride in search of the UNITY reader in Russell County, Kansas, alluded to in last week's editorial. The short step canter of the little pony, very agreeable for a short jaunt around the town, was already getting monotonous and a little irritating on the seventh or eighth mile of the twelve-mile ride. So the physical change was welcome, but it was not the refreshing of the body but the re-furnishing of the mind that induced the acceptance with great alacrity. And this, with the necessary abridgment and consequent loss of graphic effectiveness, was the contribution to practical sociology made by the man on the hay rack to the Editor of UNITY:

"I've been down the road a piece haulin' out some Kaffir corn to thet bunch o' cattle you passed by a mile and a half back."

"Yes, they look right well; they come through in mighty good shape, although we had a hard winter. Really they didn't need any more fodder but I had thet

stuff on hand and I hed to git rid of it to make room for some plowin'."

"Yes, we are about ready to begin. I'm goin' up the road two miles to help haul off some more sugar cane and Kaffir corn fodder from the field of the man I work for so as to make room for plowin'."

"Yes, the man I work for has a mighty big ranch. He wintered a heap o' cattle last winter."

"I get thirty dollars a month, a house, all the garden land I want to work, all the chickens the old woman cares to keep, and some interest in the stock besides."

"Yes, I've got a ranch of my own; a little place over yonder of about three hundred and twenty acres, but my boy is now seventeen years old and he does most of the work on that place."

"Wal, I don't know whether I'll stay another year with this ranch or not. We've been talkin' it over but there's five dollars a month atween us. I calcalate I'm worth thirty-five dollars a month to him this year and if he don't want to give it I'll move onto my own place."

"What's the chanst for a man out here? Wal, I'll tell you. I'm an Injiany man. I have a trade; I was a mason, stone and brick; did right smart contractin'; did real well; had quite a nice lot o' money in the bank, but there was a heap o' trouble with labor unions; so I went off to Mizzoury, tuk a big contract to build a school house, to quarry the stone and do the whole thing. There came on a mighty bad spell o' weather; roads got so muddy couldn't haul anything for months, and by gum! lost nearly everything I had saved. At the same time wife tuk sick, hed to send her to the hospittle and that tuk the last cent. I hadn't a blamed thing left.

"We packed up our things, hed to borrow money to git out here; wife she hired out to a ranchman to help in the house. We hed two kids so she only got two and a half a week and the board of the kids. I went up the branch about five miles further, hired out to a man for eighteen dollars a month. We worked that a-way until we hed money enough to send for our goods, then we got together. I was willin' to work. The night is never too dark and the storm is never too hard for me to go and look after the critters, and I look after the critters of the man I work for as though they were my own. I raised my boys with lines in their hands, I did, and by gum! them little boys, twelve, fourteen years old, along that a-way, was a mighty help. I bought a little land and a team of hosses and we all worked away. My wages kep' a growin' and now I hev got that three hundred acres of land pretty nigh paid for. I've got four hosses, five or six cows, a heap o' chickens, some pigs and I'm pretty nigh out o' debt; would have been plumb out of debt if I hadn't bought another eighty last fall. I'm well, my wife she is sound as a nut, feels ten years younger than when we left Injiany."

"Would I like to go back?"

"Not me. O I reckon I'll pick up the old woman and go back and see the folks some time, but I tell you this is the place for a poor man."

"Could another man do the same thing now that I did? Is there as good a chanst now as there was five years ago?"

"You bet there is! Why, they pick up any old scrub of a man here if he'll only try to work. And women, they can git four or more dollars a week right here in western Kansas if they'll jest go right into the kitchen and do house work for these ranchers."

"Why don't more people come out from the cities? I'll tell you; it's because they're cowards; it's jest cowardice. Wal, you may call it something else if you like, but I know what it is, 'cause I was there. I fooled along year after year thinkin' I was doin' well if I could save a hundred or two dollars a year, and always fussin' about the unions and things. All the time I knew I was made to be out doors and to scratch the dirt. I knew I liked hosses and cattle better nor anything else, but I was a blamed coward; I didn't dare venture you know; wouldn't have ventured if I hadn't been that blamed lucky down in Mizzoury to get stuck in that old mud hole tryin' to haul stone to that old school house. And I tell you, that was a fine thing that broke me all up. There's dollars out here in Kansas where there's dimes in Injiany; that is, for a poor man—a poor man that's willin' to work."

"Dare you tell folks about this when you go back to Chicago? What if you fooled some of them that come out here and was disappinted?"

"Don't you be afeard, they won't any of 'em come. Jest the same, here's the chanst for a poor man."

"Yes, for a poor woman, too, if she likes to work."

"What kind of soil is there around here?"

"Best God ever made; grow anything. Of course water is a little skeerse, but they didn't miss it but once since I've been here and they're learnin' how not to miss it."

"Wal, you kin do as you please about tellin' them fellers out there in Chicago or any other city, that the place for a poor man is out here where there is good land, water and air, plenty of out doors, and where the climate is not so all killin'; always, mind you, that they're willin' to work."

"Lonesome?"

"Neither my wife or I have been lonesome one day since we been here. Gosh! we ain't had time in the first place, and second place, when you do have a neighbor here you get acquainted with him. Then there's something about these prairies, can't get lonesome in 'em somehow after you get to likin' 'em."

"Wal, I'm sorry, but them's the fodder shocks that I've got to go and load up. I turn in here at the gate and you must go on. Wal, I reckon you're about three miles and a half from ——."

"No, don't know him very well; heard a lot about him; he come from New York; he's kind o' eastern farmer; he has some eastern farmer notions. He fixed for to irrigate some of his land, and by gum! they do say that he had to quit, and let the water go again, because he raised so much truck he couldn't git rid on it."

"No, you can't miss the road; follow the telephone wire. Good day; mighty glad to have met you. Wish you would stop over and go and see my ranch on your way back; the old woman would tell you what she thinks of Kansas. Can't miss the road; follow the telephone poles."

But the Editor did miss the road, within three quarters of a mile. Forsooth there was another telephone line which the man on the hay rack did not remember; perhaps it was a recent installation. The telephone lines hunt up each rancher's home. How can they be lonesome? Though the UNITY subscriber lives on a *small* ranch—only twenty-four hundred acres.

Spring Waters.

Still on the fields the snow lies white,
But spring-like founts already spout:
Adown the banks in sunshine bright
They dash and gleam and shout!

They shout aloud to every side:
"The Spring is near, the Spring is near!
Her couriers, we have hither hied;
She sent us forward—we are here!"

The Spring is near, the Spring is near!
And in a ruddy brilliant throng
The warm sweet days of May appear,
To cheer her train with joy and song.

Fedore Ivanivich Putchew, Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole.
Fedor Ivanovich Putchew,

Bear Thy Brother's Burden.

Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden;
God will bear both it and thee.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.

For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Love Divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

Is the heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longing still.

Is the heart a living power,
Self-engrossed, its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.

—*Woman's Journal.*

THE PULPIT.

Burden Bearing and Burden Sharing.

A SERMON BY ELLEN T. LEONARD, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, AUGUST 21, 1887.

Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ.

For every man shall bear his own burden. Gal. vi: 2, 5.

These two apparently contradictory verses, occurring in close context in Paul's letter to the Galatians taken together present a double truth involving complex and conflicting conditions. This double truth lies behind all responsible action in life because it touches the relations between the individual and the many. In it rests the secret, throbbing, heart of all things,—the unity which springs of all things,—the unity which springs from diversity. That Unity we call God.

"Bear ye one another's burdens," says verse two, "For every man shall bear his own burden," says verse five. How can this be?

We will first consider burden-bearing, in some of its complex conditions, and so reach its significance as a unit among the many factors which go to make up the current sum of human advancement; for it is only through the widest, most varying, complexities, that the closest unity can exist.

The three principal points upon which we will touch our subject are:

1. *The material and spiritual character of burdens.*
2. *How to bear them ourselves and how to help others bear them.*
3. *The progress of the human race through the adjustment of burden bearing.*

To speak briefly of the first of these points:

1. Burdens are of a material and spiritual character. Every life carries some of both, seen or unseen, consciously or unconsciously, actively or passively.

The burdens themselves: What are they? What is it to bear burdens? Primarily, to lift an inert substance having greater or less avoirdupois and transfer it elsewhere. But we are to consider burdens in their *spiritual* more than in their material significance. We must therefore enlarge our horizon and include under the name all forms of labor, physical and mental, material and spiritual. Our burdens are our tasks; anything requiring effort, exertion of any kind on our part, whether the task be wrought out by body or mind, hand or heart.

Materially speaking burdens have weight, pressure, which science calls gravitation, and require physical contact, in the way of resistance to arrest, or insistence to seize, uphold, and especially to convey from place to place.

It is the same spiritually speaking. Human souls, born under certain conditions of spiritual weight, pressure, gravitation, are crystallizations of those prevailing spirit conditions. Into these have entered the momentary, current, vitality pressed from the lives of antecedents in those growing conditions. *These* require *spiritual* contact with others in the way of resistance to arrest or insistence to seize, uphold and especially to assist and develop from one plane of growth to another.

We see the hotel porter seize our iron-clad, solid-packed trunk and deftly adjust himself to its weight as he carries it to its destination; or, in the case of a runaway horse, a vigorous man springs forward, arrests his speed and brings him soon to the roadside in subjection. With little thought we wonder at this display of physical strength. But we should not lose sight of the fact that the vigor of mind and spirit,

will, nerve, adaptation, put into both of those actions, are by no means a minor consideration.

It is not mere animal or material force which accomplishes, though it is an indispensable element in every act,—there must be adaptation of physical *and* spiritual with due recognition of the alliance that exists between the two forces. It is this alliance rightly adjusted which accomplishes the real advancement, and therefore the unceasing salvation of mankind.

We learn from history how some great inherent national evil has been seized upon, grasped and slowly made to disappear; or how the rapid strides of a rank insurrection have been arrested, quelled and brought into subjection.

We marvel at the wonderful mental and spiritual vigor displayed in the lifting of such enormous burdens from mankind, but we should not lose sight of the fact that the *physical* conditions and *sacrifices* involved in such action were burdens of no less consideration than the mental and spiritual.

We read the written thought of able minds of all ages and note its effects upon those ages. We say: "What an enormous burden was borne by those minds in thus gathering up, thinking out, and speaking forth the spirit of the age." And we say truly. But *thought* is the *result* of a tremendous force, pressure, gravitation of human life. It is the reflex action of surrounding *material* life in all its varied conditions. Its *burden* is the *labor* of mental and spiritual assimilation of the conditions in which it lives, and the retransmitting of those conditions, so spiritualized, back again upon the times which create them. The written thought of any age therefore must reflect the times which produced it. But on the other hand, the times represent the vital forces generated from the masses of human life in active struggle. *All forms,* of life from the lowest upward; every one form in which it can exist being essential to some other form from which an exchange is due.

The burden borne by these masses of human life, is the constant struggle for *physical* necessities, or the incessant effort to reach and maintain certain material conditions or standards of life. The ball is kept continually tossing between those who bear the heat and burden of the day while directing their efforts mainly toward material progress, and those who equally bear the heat and burden of the day while directing their efforts mainly toward spiritual progress. Without either one kind of progress the other could not be. Self annihilation would ensue; but each class bears its burden and passes it on, only to receive it again retransmitted in a renewed shape. Thus we see again that it is not merely mental or spiritual force which accomplishes the advancement of mankind, though it is an indispensable element in every act; it is an intelligent adjustment of the animal to the spiritual, the mental to the physical, in active reverence for the united use of all forces God has permitted to exist, which by its slow but unfailing process lifts humanity to higher planes.

2. *How to bear our own burdens, and how to help our neighbor with his.*

1. To bear our own, we must seek to understand ourselves in our double relations to life, and to understand our burdens.

2. To help our neighbor, we must seek to understand him and his burdens. To bear our own let us look to these double individual relations. We must realize that we cannot labor with the body without taxing the spirit, nor with the spirit without taxing the body. That the one acts by means of the other, and—

So closely interlocked are matter and spirit it is not by trying to bear any kind of burden separately we learn to understand its use, or ourselves, but by discovering the relations of each to each, fitting them together compactly and adapting them to ourselves and ourselves to them. Whether or not we accept the fact, burdens there are and we cannot escape them. We lose time by trying to reject this fact, for sooner or later, willingly or unwillingly, we *bear* our share. There is a power which forces as well as leads. I think those who are the least willing to submit themselves, are the ones who really bear in the end the greater load.

The processes of growth and progress are so incessantly in action, in material things and in spiritual, that the qualities and characteristics which bear, and—the burdens to be borne, follow the same laws of ever-increasing demand and supply in one class as in the other, and are ever shifting.

As aptitude advances, promotion ensues;—a promotion which does not mean the abandoning of the old burdens altogether, but the gradual beginning upon new, fitting them to their places, with those still necessary to be retained. By faithfully becoming master over a little, we are made capable of more, which is the ever-newly-opening entrance into the joy of our Lord.

If we have many small cares we fit them here and there to ourselves. If the spirit is sorely tried in one direction the only available relief is often to accept a new care of like proportions, and in its movement from the demands of one to those of the other, the spirit finds restoration. The overstrained muscles of the *body* must have restoration, by relaxation between burdens; so must the fibres of the spirit. As in the one case it is by the transfer from one burden to another, or by the reasonably equalized weights of more than one; so in the other. The spirit can throw off the weight of its burden only by actual forgetfulness of it, and this forgetfulness is, in the heavier responsibilities of life, seldom won otherwise than by plunging the soul from one into another. All the faculties of our nature must have due action, that each may recreate the other. Recreation is not, so often as is supposed, a mere repose from all action. Permission to use one's self in a new direction is often the best recreation. It is the degree of intelligent, faithful adaptation and endurance which the bearer is able to apply to the bearing of his burdens, that is the measure of his future efficiency. It is this which in every station of life dignifies or degrades the quality both of the labor-burden he bears, and of his individuality while bearing it. It is the weight and multiplicity of the burdens that fall to him, together with his endurance and adaptability which determine the true worth of that individuality and those burdens to humanity.

If it is to be endurance and efficiency we must have scope to our vision; only adaptation to present burdens is required, but the intelligent forward-looking which accepts the probability of a burdenful future; honestly recognizes burdens as burdens but cheerfully accepts them; there must be wisdom of adaptation to that future in the *long* run, no less than to the momentary burdens in hand; and above all things there must be faith in the nobility of burden bearing. We can then accept every blessing and joy that falls to us by the way, not in that self-indulgence which withers and blights, but gratefully, that in the light of their beneficence we may gain strength to go on.

He who reaches out and tries to understand the working of all the forces within his range of life has a complete world within a world. As he learns to grasp the nearer truths, the remoter ones will lend

themselves to him. Gradually realizing the interplay of body and spirit he finds that the one assists the other to fuller efficiency.

I think it is safe to say that all suffering is the result of ignorance of God's forces which are incessantly playing upon us from without and from within, on the right hand and on the left, before us and behind us, above us and below us, and of the laws which govern them.

It is comparatively of little use for us to learn *man's* laws by rote, keep them diligently, and then say with the young man who went anxiously to Jesus Christ, "all these things have I kept from my youth up. What lack I yet?" We must do as he was advised to do, if we truly wish to be real people. The "what lack I yet" will forever haunt us unless we submit ourselves in near contact to the same forces which the common run of burden bearing humanity endures, and apply ourselves personally to the understanding and to the mastery of those forces. In other words learn *God's* laws for ourselves at first hand.

It is not enough to put thoughts into the head; it is not enough to find we have emotions in the heart; it is the continual working out of these two forces, one against the other, which evolves the holy spirit, sanctifies life by the constant, united, *use* of both, adjusts our burden bearing, and regulates our lives in accordance with God's laws. Our life burdens then become a part of ourselves, we learn to assimilate them as they come and we go on assimilating new ones from choice. Our individuality grows under them. They have made it.

If then in the burden bearing of our own individual lives, those of the inner and the outer consciousness are so closely related each to the other for our individual advancement, how strong must be the relations existing in that broader contact of surrounding life, between the burdens of neighbor and neighbor for the *world's* advancement.

So far all that has been said has been to the end that we bear our *own* burdens, as set forth in verse 5, the second half of the text. Paul makes the first of these two sayings secondary to the last, or provisionary. "Bear one another's burdens *because* every one must bear his own. That is, since each must bear his own help him all we can to do it. Help him by bearing our own as steadily as possible that we may not unnecessarily drop a part upon him; and help him by sharing his or allowing him to share ours if really necessary. Do not take his burden off his shoulders and bear it for him, nor allow him to take ours, but each help the other to adjust himself to its requirements while seeking to do the same one's own self. We do our neighbor an injury every time we carry his burden for him, unless it is briefly till he can reassume it, but we can help him and ourselves by putting shoulder to shoulder and sharing burdens or by exchanging them temporarily. If we narrowly and severely hold ourselves to our own and say "we will be strong, take no help from our neighbor nor allow his needs to divert our strength from our own duties," we are teaching our strength to become our weakness and missing the half of our lives. If we lavishly and lightly disregard our own, spending ourselves in the unwise assuming of the burdens of others, we soon learn that we have begun at the wrong end, for it is not the one who overlooks his own burdens or shrinks from the mastery of them who is most capable of helping his neighbor. The further we look, the more deeply we live, we come to understand that *only* by bearing our own burdens are we made capable of helping others to bear theirs, and only by helping others are we enabled to bear our own. One cannot help his neighbor without receiving benefit himself. If he has done so in the right spirit, neither grudgingly nor condescendingly, it in some way gives him new light and strength.

To carry the burdens that fall to us, to share others, and still to maintain *individual action,* is a matter of the greatest concern—is a matter of life and death—for through this bearing and sharing of burdens and the maintaining of individual action under their pressure the whole income and outgo and therefore the growth of life itself is sustained. We must study to know our just relations both to our neighbor and ourselves. In commercial life the manufacturer knows his business depends upon the merchant, and the merchant knows he depends upon the manufacturer. The business of the one is worth nothing without that of the other. The producer and consumer cannot do without each other any more than can capitalist and laborer. Each class holding fairly to the just duties which his own line of work demands, but realizing this mutual dependence and exchanging helpful cooperation so far as possible without unduly entangling individual action, is what makes the best prosperity for any land. But this *takes* a thorough recognition of mutual dependence, a thorough respect from each line of business for the burdens of the other, and at the same time an honest, sustained effort to maintain a distinct line of action for itself. If this distinct individuality on either side is not maintained against the pressure of responsibilities to itself and others its existence is eventually crushed out. It is the same in that inner, and what we call invisible world, where spiritual individuality is won. We must know our relations to each other in a spiritual sense. We must learn to know the man behind the man. We find in that world a corresponding necessity for mutual respect and cooperation; the same degrees of difficulty in maintaining an individual action of the soul against the pressure of responsibilities to itself and others.

Yet on the other hand to seek only to maintain individuality without assuming a just share in the world's responsibilities and burdens is to be content to let individuality deteriorate into mere personality, and a shallow unhallowed kind of personality it will soon become by that very withdrawal from voluntary burden bearing. The inner world of life deepens and broadens in proportion with the outer, and the burdens of the one are as unbounded as those of the other.

The most essential, and to many the hardest condition of mind to sustain for the bearing and sharing of life burdens, is that which casts its burden ever upon the power for good that surrounds all things. This again may seem contradictory, but there can be only brief endurance, imperfect action if we exact too much from ourselves or each other, and do not forever submit the outcome of all things to that other and unknown quantity which, entering in, makes for righteousness. We can never reach our ideals, else would they cease to be ideals. As in the incessant revolutions of progress we, in seeking them, come near to them; they become realities, and new ideals have sprung up beyond them. We can never reach our tomorrows. When by the unceasing revolutions of time we enter upon them they are todays, and blend themselves with the coloring of our immediate surroundings. When we see them as tomorrows we can never make exact allowance for unknown quantities which will enter in as fast as they become todays. We cherish our *ideals* and try to act in accordance with their approach; as *realities* we must submit them and ourselves to the God power which envelops all. We act as near to

our ideal as the inner and outer conditions of our lives will permit and leave the rest to God. In so doing we free our minds from an undue burden of anxiety and retain our power for action. Only so can we hope for the highest outcome. To make our deduction then: We bear our own individual burdens most faithfully by recognizing the true relations between our outer and inner lives; the obligations which the one devolves upon the other in daily action; and by trying to hold ever closely to that other, higher God power which dwells within us and without us, harmonizing all things.

We share each other's burdens most helpfully by recognizing the right of mutual obligations between friend and friend and putting our shoulder to another's load, but by doing so on the same principle as we bear our own burdens; that is, understanding that just relations between the outer and inner life of each, securing the individual action of each, must still be maintained in this mutual sharing, recognizing ever the unknown God-power over all, if we would be truly helpful to each other.

3. How is the progress of the human race advanced by this bearing and sharing of burdens?

Our burdens teach us our limitations, and we are but indifferent bearers of our own, if they do not also teach us charity for our neighbor who in bearing his labors under similar limitations.

They teach us respect for the burdens themselves—not alone for the results they bring forth when honorably borne. Due consideration for each in itself being necessary for careful adaptation, adaptation indispensable for efficiency and efficiency inseparable for independent growing individuality, we are forced to study their relative value and acquire an insight into the laws of selection.

If they teach us our limitations they also teach us our resources. They arouse the latent forces within us. They compel us to draw from every resource in our innermost being. As each quality is drawn upon for use it is strengthened, and as "life develops from within," the whole being thus grows greater. Nothing so belittles one's own inner life as to carelessly toss off one's rightful burdens—all those things which are irksome, merely because they are irksome upon some one else.

They teach us self-poise, which is only another name for self-control. They stimulate and form character. The sharing of another's burden is an invaluable aid in the acquisition of this self-poise, but nothing is *so* potent as the will to bear one's own, to the utmost limit of possibility, through all difficulties.

Over all the land are scattered colleges, universities, academies, schools of various grades and privileges that people may become educated. Incalculably great are the elevating influences brought about by this system of education. But all the book-learning in all the lands can supply no such liberal course of education, of training in nobility of character, as does the honest, faithful discharge of the duties which our immediate conditions of life impose upon us. Manual training schools may do their good *initiative* work, but it is the encountering and conquering of the actual daily complications which every line of labor involves that tests efficiency. It is complications that make difficulties, and if one cannot assume the *difficulties* of a position where is his strength? Education acquired in schools is utterly lost without character to apply it; to hold one's self to the requirements of that application. Often do I see faces in our streets on whose rugged lines and sunburnt roughness is stamped a genuine strength of character that plainly no books ever brought into existence, but that a judge in our highest courts might be proud to possess. Or I look in the eyes of my washerwoman as I give some trifling direction, and I feel as if I had received a gift. Something in her look has made me stronger. How can such faces be formed in any walk of life except by the slow processes of a persistent, intelligent bearing and sharing of the burdens that fall within the range of that walk? That they are formed in every grade of life, the lowest, the highest, with or without the education which books afford, is a sure evidence of that other power behind all colleges and schools—that strong subtle undercurrent of human relations in righteousness, one with another, the just fulfillment of which is man's purest religion. An undercurrent too often ignored by school systems and their devotees, but which forever educates and advances mankind on a far broader basis than it is possible for them to reach, and without co-operation with which no true work can be accomplished anywhere.

Spiritual burden bearing has been particularly dwelt upon here because, while humanity is never slow to acknowledge and to do honor to those who win the rare qualification of high character and spirituality, it should be distinctly understood that average humanity met in even contest will be as persistent in presenting every obstacle to the obtaining of those ends as it will be lavish in its homage when those ends are won. The persistency with which these obstacles to character seeking are presented can only be met by an equal persistency in the seeker; and the capacity for such persistency can only be born of a thorough perception of the actual value to mankind of these qualities sought.

Again this spiritual burden bearing and sharing is particularly dwelt upon because its veritable place in the world's advancement is so generally underestimated. It is easy to acknowledge a positive influence of this kind when it comes from those who have won real eminence in this direction. Their position has become an established fact and is to be rated among the things which are seen, as much though on a different plane as are the results of material labor.

But the incalculable amount of spiritual burden bearing among average, indifferently educated human beings, which is never known nor ever estimated by others or themselves, is a contribution to the advancement of humanity which deserves at least a better recognition. God alone can estimate it. It is the warm red blood which quickens and regulates the pulse of human life.

There is no place like the quiet retirement of home life for the engendering and the nurture of this quality of spiritual strength. It is from the patient, constant, silent bearing of heart-burdens in home circles that the strongest undercurrent of human spirituality comes in any age, in any land. If our land lacks spirituality today it is because it lacks homes. Don't point to the church spires of a town if you wish to estimate its righteousness, but count its honest, labor-sharing homes. In them is that heart-giving which seeks to bear and share all burdens justly, and by which so many different elements of character within the range of those home circles are welded together. One of the greatest injuries that parents today are doing their children is the removing from them, through a mistaken kindness, the natural personal burdens which their everyday lives impose upon some one, and of the weight of which they are allowed to grow up utterly ignorant. In the spirit of truest love, kindness, patience, they should be taught to know the cost of service, the obligations due between servant and served, and in simple self-respect to be so far as possible always their own servant. Generally upon some one member of a family the burden of the heart supply falls heaviest. If so be in that family there is a fair

appreciation of the value of this quality as an actual element in the household demand and supply, then happy is the heart giver in sharing all burdens therein. But the heart giver is not naturally self-assertive, and if fair recognition is not acceded it will go hard before the lesson is learned that it must in some suitable way be claimed. Else are we traitor to the self which God has implanted within us. Else *do* we positive injury to those who receive from us. Else are we not, maintaining spiritually individual action under the pressure of our burdens, and that spiritual individuality must be crushed by them.

The fair exchange of spiritual and material service is forever active among us, but when either the one or the other kind is underestimated the relations are unfair and confusion ensues. There is a prevailing tendency, perhaps always, to underrate, in the common exchanges of everyday life, this spiritual element, coming as it does from the invisible. But how could the burden of advancement in material labor be carried on were it not for the faithful discharge of duty among those whose burden it is to labor for spiritual advancement? Or how could spiritual progress be made without being founded upon material progress? The two must go hand in hand. Successful results in material things *cannot* be reached without the infusion of correspondingly strong spiritual conditions any more than can spiritual standards become elevated unless material conditions of equal wealth underlie them. It little becomes either the one class or the other therefore to regard itself as only bearing the chief burden of the world's progress. Both are essential to that progress, and it is their faithful, united labor, equally shared, equally appreciated, which must continually produce that growing result.

As the extremes of life in our civilization become more marked the friction of personal contact becomes more intensified and the burdens of all increase in weight. There are misers of spirit and spendthrifts of spirit, and they frequently fall into each other's hands as do the misers and spendthrifts of material things, forcing their burdens upon each other. We find today this alarming tendency toward miserliness of spirit; to escape all burdens which tax character; to underrate, to even cast disrespect upon those who in quiet ways are bearing so large a share of them. It is because these burdens which tax character force us to new and continued effort of the inner life. But effort means growth, the awakening of fresh impulse and inspiration. If it were not for our burdens, what would become of our high standards and noble aims? Ambition is a vigorous leader, but fitful, erratic, unreliable. We need retarding elements no less than incentives. Aspiration may be pure and devout, but it could never grasp the actual except for the blessed burdens. And we so often regard them as our enemies! We believe we could accomplish so much without them! Without them there would be little adaptation to the world's work, small character won. Character is always in demand. It is the rarest because the costliest manufacture of human kind. Through it is man lifted to higher planes.

In every age when the extremes of life press hard upon one another it is character that welds these extremes together; that turns what would otherwise be only turbulent contention into wise action; that creates higher standards and slowly evolves from those very contending extremes a new growth in religious life. Every advance to nobler religious standards marks a new elevation for mankind.

It is now an age when the extremes of life press hard upon one another. We need now a new growth in religion to help us see and understand the just relations between man and man, woman and woman, parent and child, employer and employed, and between man and woman. Seeing them, understanding them, we may better bear and work out the burdensome responsibilities of these extremes in their contact one with another.

We believe that new growth in religion now unfolding will be a new era in human life at large, since religion is at the fountain head of all life, and that we can help this era into perfect bloom by bearing nobly each the burdens of his own life, bearing them faithfully, hopefully and helping others in the spirit of belief to bear theirs. In so doing are we rendering the highest possible service to God and to humanity.

Sky Sermons.

III. THE PLANETS.

How steadfast they are! Through all the aeons that have passed, and through all the centuries that are to come, we can never think of the planets but as being ever in their own appointed places.

It might be well if some of us humans learned a lesson from the steadfastness of the planets. Those of us who have never found our niche in the world are like a "lost star," not having yet entered into the rhythm and laws of the universe. Those of us who are in some appointed place, might do well to remain there, and cease our endless rushing about ever for something new. When everything seems in a tangle, if we just look up at the stars, we find them always there, unchangeable, vigilant.

What an individuality each planet has of its own in color and brilliancy—as well as shape. How tender the light of the "evening stars," as they gleam out in the West. With what a steady brilliancy Jupiter shines, and his attendant page, twinkling Saturn. Perhaps, after all, no planet has quite the radiance that the "morning star" has for us; the faithful guardian of the night, and the inspiring comforter of many sorrowing hearts, for surely "Joy cometh in the morning."

ETHELIND MERRITT.

The Infinite.

The Infinite always is silent:
It is only the Finite speaks.
Our words are the idle wave-caps
On the deep that never breaks.
We may question with wand of science,
Explain, decide, discuss;
But only in meditation
The Mystery speaks to us.

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

The average house is the ugliest thing in a country landscape. It has rarely a line of beauty or of peace, or a suggestion of rest, inside or outside of it. It is just a barn for human folk. It is not quite as healthy as the animal barn, and not generally as pretty. Your house should be a part of the property—that is, of all the acres that you occupy. Your residence should be the whole of your property. This sort of home we shall have by and by. What I mean to say is that we must learn to get out of doors, and stay out most of the time—to work outside, play outside, eat outside, sleep outside. Form your sympathies with nature; talk garden, think flower and fruit; study bugs and butterflies; then lie down on the sweet sod, under your blossoming apple trees, and let your soul sing: "Our Father, Who art in the Heavens! and in the apple blossoms! and in the roses, too! Thy name be hallowed!"

—*E. P. Powell, in "The Country Home."*

THE HOME.

All Contributions for This Department Should Be Sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—There is a Being that is all-containing, which precedes the existence of heaven and earth. How calm it is! How incomparable! Alone it stands and does not change.

Mon.—The Reason that can be reasoned is not the eternal Reason. The name that can be named is not the eternal name.

Tues.—He who with Reason assists the master of mankind will not with arms conquer the empire.

Wed.—Even beautiful weapons are among unblest tools, and people had better shun them.

Thurs.—One who conquers others is powerful, but one who conquers himself is mighty.

Fri.—The Heavenly Reason strives not, but it is sure to conquer. It speaks not, but it is sure to respond. It summons not, but it comes of itself. It works patiently, but is sure in its designs. Heaven's net is vast, so vast. It is wide meshed, but it loses nothing.

Sat.—The holy man hoards not. The more he does for others, the more he owns himself. The more he gives to others, the more he acquires himself.

—*From Lao-Tze's Tao-Teh-King.*

Thro' the Windows of the Soul.

A baby lay upon her breast
In trusting wakefulness and rest,
And looking in his heaven-lit eyes
She sees a light beyond the skies—
A depth of blue more warm and pure—
A light with radiance just as sure,
Yet softer, deeper in its glow,
As if from heaven its gentle flow
Revealed thro' every human soul,
Whose heart in purity was whole,
A ray from God's infinity,—
Nearer, yet full of mystery,
Unfathomable the power unseen
Which lies that untried soul within.
Dark clouds will gather, storms will rage,
The soul will chafe within its cage,
The bitterness of earth will seem
To sweep away his every dream,—
To leave no room for happy thought
Till stern realities are taught.
But will he bow beneath his pain
And seek no strength from heav'n to gain?
Will he with feeble heart and hand
Turn back and take a lower stand?
Ah, no! She sees, beyond, a strength of love
Which links itself with God above,—
A link no earthly pain can break,
Whose power no storms can wrest or shake,
A love so firm, so tender, sure,—
She smiles in happy trust secure,
O then she does not doubt or fear
But to the port he'll safely steer.
With strength of love to rule the helm
He's sure to reach the heavenly realm.

—Ellen T. Leonard.

The Cooky.

A child quarreled with his brother one day about a cooky.

"It is my cooky," said the child.

"No, it is mine," said his brother.

"You shall not have it," said the child.

"Give it to me this minute," and he fell upon his brother and beat him.

Just then came by an Angel, who knew the child.

"Who is this that you are beating?" asked the Angel.

"It is my brother," said the child.

"No, but truly," said the Angel; "who is it?"

"It is my brother, I tell you," said the child.

"Oh, no," said the Angel; "that cannot be, and it seems a pity for you to tell an untruth, because that makes spots on your soul. If it were your brother you would not beat him."

"But he has my cooky," said the child.

"Oh!" said the Angel. "Now I see my mistake. You mean that the cooky is your brother; and that seems a pity, too, for it does not look like a very good cooky; besides, it is all crumbled to pieces.

The Strong Child.

There was once a child who was so big and strong that he thought he was a man. "See!" he said to his mother, "I am a man. Give me my father's sword and I will take care of you."

"That will be beautiful," said his mother, and she gave him the sword and sighed and smiled.

The child held the sword lightly he was so strong, and brandished it about.

"Look!" he said, "I can wield it easily. If we meet a lion or a bear on the road I will kill it with one blow, thus."

"That will be glorious," said the mother, and she sighed and smiled.

But when the child put the sword back in the sheath it chanced that he caught his finger on a pin that was about his dress and tore the flesh.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "this dreadful pin has scratched my finger. Look! here is a great drop of blood. Oh! how it hurts," and he wept bitterly.

"Thank God!" said the mother, "you are still a child," and she kissed the finger and bound it up and wept, too, for joy.

—*From The Golden Windows: A Book of Fables for Young and Old, by Laura E. Richards.*

Spring.

I, country-born an' bred, know where to find
Some blooms thet make the season suit the mind,
An' seem to metch the doubtin' blue bird's notes,—
Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you oncurl,
Each on 'em's cradle to a baby-pearl,—
But these are jes' Spring's pickets; sure ez sin,
The rebble frosts 'll try to drive 'em in;
For half our May's so awfully like Mayn't,
'T would rile a Shaker or an evrige saint;
Though I own up I like our back 'ard springs
Thet kind o' haggle with their greens an' things,
An' when you most give up, 'ithout more words
Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves, an' birds:
Thet's Northun natur', slow an' apt to doubt,
But when it *does* git stirred, ther's no gin-out!

First come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees,
An' settlin' things in windy Congresses,—
Queer politicians, though, for I'll be skinned
Ef all on 'em don't head against the wind.
'Fore long the trees begin to show belief,—
The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,
Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers
So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,
Then gray hossches' nuts unto leetle hands unfold
Softer'n a baby's be at three days old:
Thet's robin-redbreast's almanick; he knows
Thet arter this ther's only blossom-snows;
So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,
He goes to plast'rin' his adobe house.

Then seems to come a hitch,—things lag behind,
Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind,
An' ez, where snow-swelled rivers cresh their dams
Heaped-up with ice thet dovetails in an' jams,
A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole cleft,
Grows stronger, fiercer, tears out right an' left,
Then all the waters bow themselves an' come,
Sudden, in one gret slope o' shedderin' foam,
Jes so our Spring gits everythin' in tune
An' gives one leap from April into June.

—*From the Biglow Papers—James Russell Lowell.*

UNITY
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago
Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country to do good is my Kingdom."

The Way to Sing.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they;
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way.
No messenger to run before,
Devising plan;
No mention of the place or hour
To any man;
No waiting till some sound betrays
A listening ear;
No different voice, no new delays,
If steps draw near.

"What bird is that? Its song is good."
And eager eyes
Go peering through the dusky wood,
In glad surprise;
Then late at night, when by his fire
The traveler sits,
Watching the flame grow brighter, higher,
The sweet song flits
By snatches through his weary brain
When next he goes that road again,
To help him rest;
An empty nest
On leafless bough will make him sigh,
"Ah me! last spring
Just here I heard, in passing by,
That rare bird sing!"

But while he sighs, remembering
How sweet the song,
The little bird, on tireless wing,
Is borne along
In other air, and other men
With weary feet,
On other roads, the simple strain
Are finding sweet.
The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they;
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

Foreign Notes.

A HARVARD PROFESSOR AT GENEVA.—Here in Chicago we have unmistakable evidence from time to time of the good work that Harvard and the University of Chicago are doing for the promotion of closer acquaintance, sympathy and mutual understanding between nations by bringing noted scholars and thinkers from the Old World to address great student bodies in the New. This work is ceasing to be onesided. We are hearing now of professional exchanges between German and American universities, and the lecturers of the *Alliance Francaise* in America are to have as counter parts American lecturers in Paris and elsewhere.

So it comes to pass that Prof. Barrett Wendell, having been sent to represent our oldest university before the Sorbonne, has gone also, in his private capacity, to Geneva, and been much gratified by the unlooked for warmth of his welcome. The *Journal de Genève* reports in part as follows the reception that was accorded him and the address in English which Prof. Wendell, on a subsequent evening, delivered by invitation in the University Aula:

An evening reception given at the Athévée by the scholars and artists of a festive Geneva occasion. After an address of welcome by M. Lucien de Candolle, Prof. Charles Borgeaud, of the faculty of letters, gave a historic résumé of the relations between Geneva and the United States in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He spoke of the Reformation in England, of Knox and the Calvinists, who, after the restoration of the English church, embarked on the Mayflower chanting the psalms of Marot. The influence of the Huguenots was great among the Puritans of America, whose austere ways safeguarded those moral principles which form the basis of American institutions.

Then Prof. Bernard Bouvier talked interestingly of the United States and Geneva in the eighteenth century, pointing out the priority of Geneva in the teaching of the natural law as enunciated by Puffendorf in his discourse at Groningen, but introduced and taught solely in the Academy of Geneva by Burlamaqui. Linking these principles with those maintained by Rousseau in Emile and the *Contrat Social*, he followed their diffusion in France and thence to the United States through advanced French thinkers like Lafayette, who participated in the American revolution. Tested among us, these same ideas came back to France, stimulating and hastening the French revolution.

Rapidly surveying the nineteenth century, M. Guillaume Fatio selected two names and two institutions as associating in one common social and scientific aim the thought of America and Geneva. First, Albert Gallatin (1761-1849), who at the age of nineteen took ship for the United States. Professor of French at Harvard in 1782, he became noted for his sound and liberal ideas on the subject of finance. In 1801 Jefferson made him secretary of the treasury, and he filled various important diplomatic missions at St. Petersburg, London, Paris, etc., from 1813 to 1826.

Agassiz, a Vaudois born in 1807, was sent on a scientific mission to the United States by the King of Prussia at the suggestion of Humboldt. Three weeks from the date of his arrival he was appointed a professor at Harvard University. "What a group of men you have at your Cambridge!" said Darwin to Longfellow. "You have Agassiz, and he counts for three." Undisputed leader of the scientific movement in America, the great Swiss naturalist took up his permanent residence in this country of his adoption, where he died in 1873.

M. Fatio spoke next of the Red Cross, founded at the Athénée in 1863, and of the Alabama claims settled at Geneva in 1872, the first case of employment of an arbitration tribunal as a means of settling international difficulties. Both these represented movements eminently humane and social in which young America, always in the forefront of progress, had striven and would ever strive to coöperate.

Rector Alfred Martin then welcomed the American guest in the name of the University of Geneva, bidding him also bear to his colleagues at Harvard the fraternal greetings and esteem of the Swiss University. As a souvenir of the occasion, Rector Martin tendered Prof. Wendell a copy of *L'Histoire de l'Académie de Calvin*, by Charles Borgeaud. Another copy was presented to Mr. Hill, representing the United States at Geneva. Social intercourse followed, enlivened by flowers and music.

On the occasion of his English address, Prof. Wendell was very happily introduced by M. P. Duprin, dean of the department of letters and social sciences, who said: "In our day we feel the need of more intimate ties between the different centers of culture, and Prof. Wendell is one of the best known advocates of this intellectual *rapprochement*."

The speaker thus introduced, first expressed gratification and surprise at the warmth of the reception accorded him. His official mission, he said, included only France. He came to Geneva simply as a private individual, without the smallest note, and was asked to speak at the Aula. He could not refuse, but excused himself for his inability to treat the subject—though of his own choosing—on any but broad, general lines and without needful documentation. The Swiss reporter hastens to say that these excuses were quite unnecessary, as Prof. Wendell left on all who heard him the impression of a man who makes a business of looking into things clearly and deeply and who does not talk when he has nothing to say. His subject was, "Some Effects of Calvinism on National Character in the United States."

We know that there exist certain secret affinities between the beliefs of churches on the one hand and political forms on the other. Protestantism has been the school of advanced democracy, so that we sometimes see men, like the celebrated Bernois, Louis von Haller, for example, abjure protestantism through hatred of the advanced democracy for which they hold

it responsible. To this day, even, we need but open our eyes to see that monarchical parties recruit their forces in communities most strongly catholic. All that is taking place in Russia shows us absolutism and the Holy Synod sustaining one another. It is, in short, well known that the Calvinist churches have, more than any others among the protestants, developed democracy by their organization, which made of them little parliaments, and also by the conviction spread abroad by them that before God all social distinctions disappear, or at least fade, leaving only two classes of men—the elect and the damned.

One might be astonished that the United States of to-day, including immigrants of all nationalities, have preserved so marked a national character. All these men of diverse origin, which form the present American nation, have become of identical mentality. The explanation commonly given for this phenomenon is that it is our institutions and especially the public school which has produced this homogeneity of the American spirit, this survival of what the speaker called Americanism, he thought it, however, essentially a matter of character.

One example would serve as an introduction for the study of the question. When the war of secession was raging, forty years ago, it was impossible for the men on either side to see anything in the men of the other but perversity. To-day everyone admits that, on both sides, these fratricidal enemies were fighting for what they considered the true ideal of patriotism—the North for a centralized democracy, the South for purely local freedom. This war brought out heroes in both camps, acclaimed to-day by all the world. Grant, Lee, Lincoln and others have come to enrich the common heritage of patriotism.

Here we find several of the characteristics that constitute Americanism, foremost among them the tendency to exalt great characters, whoever they may be.

This tendency is no late fruit of our institutions. It preceded them. It is an element of the American character from which the institutions themselves have sprung and it links itself with Calvinist beliefs.

The first pastor of Boston, Cotton, who came from the little English city in Lincolnshire, which bears this name, wrote one day to an English gentleman, puritan like himself, th t if he was coming out to the colony, he could not count on any other hereditary position but such as his descendants might merit. Here we see the democratic spirit recognizing only personal superiority, proved excellence.

Cotton wished to accord elector privileges only to faithful members of the church. He got no further than a theocracy, which was the ideal of ancient Israel and is far enough from our present democracy. But how discern the elect? It is by their will harmonizing with the will of God. Calvinist doctrine later provoked legitimate revolt on the part of men like Channing, but in these men who reject the doctrines of the olden time its spirit nevertheless is still living. They believe, as their fathers did, that if one would live he must close his eyes to the realities of this world and fix them on those of the spirit, which alone are eternal. Behold, according to them, the excellence, the superiority which impresses. It is the exception, as it ever was; the elect were ever few, but when they appeared they were the admiration of all.

Aspiration for ideal things, which are not of this world, but of the beyond, this is the inspiration of American democracy and it is this that will save it.

The speaker closed by expressing his pleasure in having this opportunity to consider the effect of Calvin's teachings on American democracy, in the very city of Calvin. M. E. H.

A Camping Trip Through Yellowstone Park.

Rev. R. C. Bryant, of the Church of the Christian Union, Rockford, Ill., has for three years taken parties camping for several weeks in the summer through the Yellowstone National Park and Rocky Mountains in the vicinity. He plans to go again about July 1. The trip is not expensive, and any who may be interested in that sort of an outing should write to him about it.

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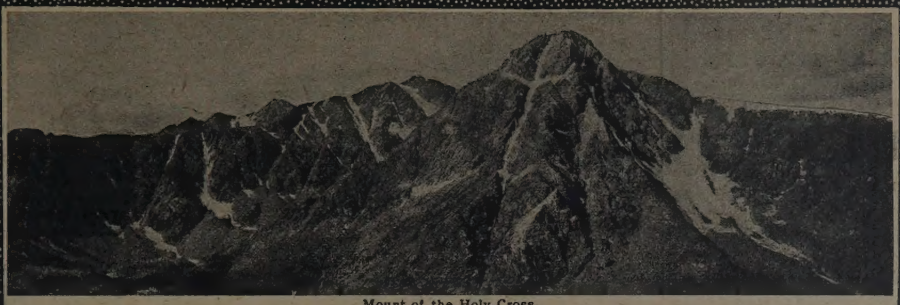

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